

THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Courtesy.*



NEW TRIALS FOR MONA.

"WAIT A YEAR."

CHAPTER X.

LITTLE HILLESDEN welcomed the new rector with a mixture of curiosity and solemnity. The bells gave forth a short, quick peal in the early morning, and as the news of his arrival spread, the villagers lounged in greater numbers than usual about the churchyard. Not only was the memory of their late minister too fresh to permit them to welcome

cordially his successor, but some adverse influence had been at work, and impressions to his disadvantage had crept into the village mind. His accident and subsequent illness had done something towards softening the prejudices of a few, but the greater part of his parishioners were prepossessed against him, and flocked to church more to criticise than to be edified. Expectation was at its height when Mr. Sinclair, in his white robes, passed from the vestry to the reading-desk, the greater number assembled

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

rising from their seats, curious to behold a man who had but recently escaped a death so terrible. He looked like other men, except to one who saw at a glance that his hair was tinged with grey, and his face thinner and paler than before. Mrs. Moreton was not present. After hesitating whether to appear in church or not, fearing one minute to disgrace herself by publicly breaking down, and the next to fail in the duty of being found in her place, she finally resolved to stay at home and await a visit from Mr. Sinclair.

There was nothing in the service either to confirm or remove the prevailing impression respecting the new rector. He had a fine voice and a clear enunciation. He read himself in, and gave two short sermons after the Articles, which he divided between the morning and afternoon, ending with a distinct declaration of his belief in and adherence to them. The sermons were nothing remarkable, referring chiefly to the new relations in which they stood, except a graceful recognition of the virtues of his predecessor and a well-expressed desire to tread in his steps.

"I fear he is not much of a minister," observed Mr. Graves, sententiously, joining the two girls as they left the church on their way home.

"I do not see that at all; I only see that you are harsh and premature in your conclusion," answered Mona, sharply.

"Hoity toity, Miss Mona! what is the matter with you?" said Mr. Graves, looking surprised and not over-pleased.

"I beg your pardon," she returned, in a meeker tone; "I did not intend to speak so hastily. The semblance of injustice in others seems to be making me unjust myself."

She held out her hand to the churchwarden with the dignity of former days, forgetting how far their relative situations were reversed until reminded of it by the condescension of his manner.

"You were really sharp," said Nita, when Mr. Graves had left them.

"I am sorry for that. Though I do not like Mr. Graves, I never wish to be rude to him."

"Why do you not like him?" asked Nita; "he is so kind, always doing something for mamma or for us. He is the only friend we have."

"Perhaps it is because he is always doing something—what Edward calls meddling—that I do not like him. And yet he procured me my lessons and Edward his situation, although he does not approve of his being a tutor. I hope I shall not grow ungrateful, but some things are hard to bear."

Yet Mona was a brave girl at heart. Nervled by her father's well-remembered counsels, and braced by the principles he had instilled, she did not shrink from the new tasks before her; on the contrary, she esteemed it a cause for thankfulness that she was able to add to her mother's income by the exercise of her talents. Edward, her only support in difficulties, was too far off to be of much use, even had his character fitted him for the office of a counsellor. Keenly disappointed, and without his sister's strength of character to sustain him, he lived in a perpetual struggle with himself. At first he hoped Mr. Graves would have advanced the money to complete his University career. That not being the case, he next turned his thoughts to a tutorship, and was not a little disgusted at sinking into an usher at a small school in a provincial town. He was glad to carry his complaints

to Mona when he had the opportunity, but was really little capable of alleviating hers. He could not submit; his temper, tastes, and ardent temperament unfitted him for the monotonous drudgery to which he felt himself condemned. Perhaps the sturdy manliness which overcomes obstacles was wanting. He repined when it would have been better to acquiesce; but he was young, and not inured to hardship. Often, when the boys were in the playground, he would wander away and cast himself face downward, shedding bitter tears as their juvenile voices, resonant of glee, frolic, and happiness, reminded him of the shadows that had fallen on his early life, once as bright and careless as theirs.

The following afternoon, as Mrs. Moreton expected, Mr. Sinclair came to pay his visit. As soon as he was at the Rectory gate she hurried to her room to put on her best cap and make such alterations in her dress as she deemed necessary for producing a favourable impression. She was one whose nerves never suffered from self-depreciation. From her point of view, the offer to remain at the Rectory as long as Mr. Sinclair was a bachelor contained mutual advantages. The happy house she had made for her husband she would endeavour to continue for him—at all events there would be order and taste, and no waste, which must inevitably be the case if Mr. Sinclair were in the hands of servants alone. There is no doubt that Mrs. Moreton thought more of her own interest than that of the rector's. In condescending to be his housekeeper, she enjoyed her own home a little longer; time was gained, and that being proverbially productive, her childish imagination anticipated some unknown good to spring from it. Mr. Moreton had loved his books, his work, and his study, but his affection for her and his children had often drawn him into their society. That a man not having any similar magnets to attract him should prefer solitude to company, careless arrangements to a well-ordered household, to lead the life of a bookworm instead of that of a social gentleman, did not seem at all probable. Though willing to be the principal gainer by the proposition she was about to make, she fully intended Mr. Sinclair to benefit also.

When he entered the Rectory drawing-room Mona and Nita only were there. The former received him with some embarrassment, Nita with curiosity. In closer proximity than in the church, and by the clearer light from the windows, the change in his appearance since the day he first came to the Rectory was more striking. He was aged and broken; there was a deeper melancholy in his eye, and he appeared absent as well as serious, as if his thoughts were even yet more familiar with the solemnity of that awful past than with the realities of the present. When he came into the room the girls were engaged in some piece of needlework, which they put down and did their best to enter into conversation, but with indifferent success on the part of Mona. The uncertainty respecting her mother's plans made her manner constrained and awkward. Every time Mr. Sinclair opened his lips she feared he was going to ask her about them, and at every turn of his head that he was looking for some signs of removal. And yet it was but little relief when Mrs. Moreton entered, looking very handsome in her weeds. Her hands, almost as white as the broad weepers on her wrists, were unfolding a fine cambric handkerchief, which at the sight of her visitor she applied to her eyes. To pose in her grief as an interesting widow had been her

intention, but not to break down. Yet nature was stronger than art, and when she saw her husband's successor in the parish actually standing in her presence, she lost her self-control, and forgot that cheerfulness ought to figure in the prospect she offered. Giving him her hand without speaking, she sank into a chair and sobbed bitterly.

Mr. Sinclair was not equal to the occasion. Prepared for some ebullition of feeling, he had a few sentences ready for use, but under this violent outburst he was helpless, and could only look distressed and doubtful as to what was required of him. Happily, Mona came to the rescue, and after a time, by her gentle words and caressing ways, restored Mrs. Moreton to outward tranquillity.

"We have both had severe trials since last we met," observed Mr. Sinclair, sitting down beside the widow and speaking in a calm, low voice, that was very soothing. "Let us remember that they do not spring out of the dust, but are sent for a destined aim and end."

"For you, perhaps, they may work for good, but not for me," replied Mrs. Moreton, fretfully. "Oh, not for me; my life and that of my children is overcast for ever."

Instinctively he looked at the two girls; Nita was crying in sympathy with her mother, but about Mona was a mournful placidity, very sweet and very pathetic, which seemed to have accepted her portion of life's sorrows without a murmur. The expression of her face went beyond resignation; it was acquiescence so touching that pity would have been lost in esteem had it not been for the wistful pathos in her eyes whenever they rested on her mother. Fascinated, in spite of himself, by the gentle womanliness of the girl, his compassion for Mrs. Moreton insensibly diminished. With such a treasure in her home, her hearth could not be so desolate, unless she willed to have it so.

"I wish I could do something for them," he thought, remembering the promise he had made in his heart to repay Mr. Moreton's silent influence by kindness to his family. In his present circumstances that promise could only be performed in favour of the widow, and, unhappily, every five minutes as it passed made her less and less interesting. But even for her, what could he do? He was almost a stranger, and her rambling talk did not tend to enlighten him. The way would be plainer by-and-by; he thought so, hoped so, little dreaming of the demand about to be made upon his benevolence.

"I shall be glad to see you when you are at leisure to pay me another visit; on particular business, next time," observed Mrs. Moreton, with a smile intended to be very persuasive.

"I shall wait upon you with pleasure," he replied, with ready courtesy. "Not to-morrow, for I have several engagements already made; the next day I have to go to town, but the day after I shall not fail." He spoke with a gracious kindness, and left Mrs. Moreton under the impression that he would respond to her influence when the time came for her to exercise it.

All the way home Mr. Sinclair was suggesting to himself different subjects on which Mrs. Moreton might possibly wish to consult him. United to the desire to be useful was also a fear as to what might be asked of him. Though hoping it would prove something he could do, he was not without certain misgivings derived from the insight he already had

into the weak, undisciplined character of the lady he had just left. Perhaps she wished to remain longer at the Rectory—but how long? He had seen no signs of the derangement previous to removal in the little household; everything was in its place, and in as prim order as he imagined it possible to be. What if she wished him to take the furniture off her hands? That he would readily do, glad enough to find an occasion for his money to assist without offending. Meanwhile Mrs. Moreton was so satisfied with Mr. Sinclair's visit, the kindness of his manner, and the interest he evinced for her family, that she rushed into precipitate action.

"Go to Mr. Payne and say that we do not want his cottage," she said to Mona, the following morning. "I am not going to have him for my landlord."

"But the cottage is virtually taken," said Mona, aghast at all that was implied in her mother's command. "Edward and I, advised by Mr. Graves, spoke about it to Mr. Payne last week. If we let this go there is no other house that will do for you; that is, not one that would suit our slender purse."

"Do as I bid you, Mona. I know best what we ought to do. Since when have you become the judge of my actions?" she continued, harshly, observing the look of disappointment upon her daughter's face. "And by what do my children support their disobedience? Not by your poor dear father's teaching; he always told you to respect and love your mother. Am I to have no influence over you now that he is not here to maintain my authority? Oh, Mona, Mona, you, his dear good child, as he always called you, I did not think you would ever grow callous to my feelings, and seek to frustrate my wishes as you do." And Mrs. Moreton having worked herself into a belief of all this filial ill-usage, burst into a passionate flood of tears.

Though not given to foolish weeping, Mona could not command her feelings, not from sympathy, but from a sense of injustice and helplessness. Since the hour of their bereavement she had striven to keep faith with the dead, and make her surviving parent as happy as circumstances would permit. Mr. Moreton had been so accustomed to regard his wife as one to be shielded from everything painful, and to inculcate the same solicitude upon his children, that he had entirely overlooked the anomalous position he was creating for both parent and child, one which was now bearing bitter fruit for Mona. The routine of life is subject to so many modifications, that the best human foresight must sometimes fail, as Mr. Moreton's had done in this particular instance. Formerly Mrs. Moreton regarded Mona as her principal support; now she most frequently set her aside either to take her own way, or to put Nita in her sister's place. Often Mona had the mortification of finding that her entrance into the room had the effect of interrupting their conversation as if she were a stranger, or that there was something to conceal. And yet the young girl wanted with all her heart to be kind and faithful to her trust, and duly practised every act of self-denial in her power in order to augment her mother's comforts, knowing also that, though unconsulted and unheeded, she would be held responsible if anything went wrong.

In all its bitterness, Mona felt the character of her trial. It was impossible to retain her mother's kindness and act as reason dictated was best for the family. She must make her choice, submit to see

mistakes continually made, or else to irritation and distrust. Her heart smarted at being so bitterly misunderstood, but did not hesitate; it could not be left to a dreary void. Come what might, the family bond, the sole possession remaining to them, should not be broken. Henceforth she must yield to her mother's wishes, and, drifting in the wake of a weaker judgment than her own, give her attention to remedy rather than to suggest.

The fruit of her present resolution was to undertake the commission to Mr. Payne.

CHAPTER XI.

SLOWLY Mona bent her footsteps towards the village the following morning, her head full of surmises respecting her mother's projects. How long were they to remain at the Rectory? The sight of Mr. Sinclair coming out of Mr. Payne's shop, just as she was about to enter it upon her disagreeable errand, flushed her face and gave a nervousness to her manner that could not escape observation, which was increased by Mr. Sinclair's first remark.

"I have just had the pleasure of hearing that Mrs. Moreton is thinking of settling herself in Hillesden," he said, as he shook hands. "She is right to remain among her old friends; new ones cannot expect to enjoy her confidence without some little probation first."

"We have few friends," returned Mona. "My father's uncertain health prevented our visiting in the neighbourhood."

"I alluded to a nearer circle; our little village, for instance. Mr. Payne tells me that you are going to reside in a cottage near the Common belonging to him. He is quite proud of his tenant, and I shall be pleased to retain you among my parishioners."

Mona could only blush deeper, and feel foolish. It was obvious that Mr. Sinclair was expecting their early departure from the Rectory. What would he think of them? Fearful of being questioned, she cast a wistful look into the doorway, and Mr. Sinclair, perceiving that his presence was embarrassing, made room for her to pass, and wishing her "good morning," stepped out into the open air. Left alone, Mona, with some latent uneasiness, asked to speak to Mr. Payne in private, and was ushered into a small back parlour with much form and ceremony. Mr. Payne made his appearance almost immediately, having hurriedly rolled his apron on one side as a mark of respect. Mona executed her commission as gently as she could; but no sooner was the object of her visit made known, than she found a humiliating change in his manner. Hitherto polite and deferential, he now became rough and rude, blustering and scolding without measuring his words. Poor Mona's heart sank within her, and her face crimsoned more and more with pain and annoyance, when Mr. Payne, yielding to his anger, charged them with dishonourably taking advantage of his good feeling towards them. Degrading as was the accusation, she felt there was a shadow of truth in it, and that she was so far defenceless that, if she could not propitiate him by her distress, she must bear his abuse.

"I am very sorry," she repeated again and again; "my brother and I acted for the best; we thought my mother would like the cottage."

"You should have found that out before you spoke to me," answered Mr. Payne, increasingly

exasperated because he had no redress. No papers had passed between the parties, such precaution not being the custom in Hillesden. "Who is to pay me my expenses?" continued the irritated man. "I shall be £5 out of pocket at the very least, and where is the justice of that?" he asked, angrily, striking the table near which Mona stood with a force that made her start.

"We will repay you," she said, unable to bear his reproaches any longer, and moving towards the door. She remembered that she was leaving him only to encounter her mother's displeasure for promising this reimbursement without her concurrence. And Mrs. Moreton, not having been provoked by these coarse reflections upon her integrity, would make no allowance for her daughter's prompt rejoinder.

"Well, I must say it is very unhandsome treatment; what I did not expect," vociferated the tradesman, not a whit mollified by the promise which would take about seven weeks of Mona's lessons to fulfil. "I never pressed for money, nor even sent in my bills till they were asked for. I could not have thought it possible to be treated so by gentlefolks as *is* gentlefolks," he said aloud, and with cutting emphasis, giving a last ebullition to his wrath at the door, whither he had accompanied his victim.

Wounded and humiliated she bent her head to hide her annoyance, and hurried forward without replying, glad to have completed, in any way, her painful task. A familiar voice suddenly accosted her, and looking up, she found herself in the midst of a group of men standing on the green plot in front of the shop.

"Well, Miss Mona, what is the matter? You could not look more scared if you had been caught stealing apples," said Mr. Graves, whose phraseology generally savoured of his former occupation. With him was the other churchwarden, Mr. Gorts, to whose children Mona gave lessons. Already smarting from her interview with Mr. Payne, she, for the first time, realised her new position in its social bearings. She was no longer the rector's daughter, to be approached with deference or politeness by the parishioners, but one of themselves, or more likely regarded as an inferior by the well-to-do who had money in their pocket. The jocularity of one, the rudeness of another, and the outspoken admiration of a third, all of which she was powerless to resent, gave her a bitter foretaste of the future. But there was no help for it, or only such as she would find in exercising her own self-respect.

As Mona expected, on reaching home she had to encounter her mother's displeasure for promising to repay Mr. Payne his outlay of five pounds. "We did not ask for the repairs; we have no right to pay them," argued Mrs. Moreton, and she harped upon Mona's foolishness until the approach of Mr. Sinclair's visit turned her thoughts into another channel.

The time fixed was Saturday afternoon. Mrs. Moreton having desired her children not to appear at the interview, Mona resolved to take that opportunity of seeing her brother, with whom, as well as with herself, it would be a half-holiday. Edward was the only person with whom she could discuss the family troubles or her own grievances, and she wanted to tell him of their failure with regard to the cottage. All means of conveyance being out of her power, she had no alternative but to walk, and started early, after a

hurried mid-day meal. The distance, five miles, might have been lessened by a few short cuts through meadow-land, but the path was only slightly trodden; the dew hung heavy on the grass, and might injure her craped dress, and money was too scarce to replace it. The high road, if longer, was dry. It would be comparatively easy to preserve herself from dust, and here and there some friendly trees interposed a few yards of shade between her and the autumn sun, more exhausting this sultry day than the drier heat of summer. Before she had gone half way she was inclined to turn back, fatigue and lassitude were gaining upon her, but her heart was heavy. She longed for a glimpse of Edward's kind, handsome face, and some one with whom to talk over her mother's intentions. If she would not live in the cottage, where would she live, and what were her designs upon Mr. Sinclair? Upon this latter point she failed to elicit any real sympathy from her brother, who nevertheless endeavoured to soothe her after his own fashion.

"Don't fret about that," he said, a little amused at the idea of an attack upon the rector. "You and I have enough to bear in doing our own work. If mother will make a fool of herself we cannot help it, and if she can get anything out of Mr. Sinclair, let her. You had better see what can be done with Nita; she must go on the treadmill as well as ourselves." But he could only talk of the hardness of his own lot. His present situation was unendurable; he meant to leave it at Christmas, and look out for something better.

"Mr. Sinclair might be of use to me," he said, quietly, as if it were the most natural proceeding to apply to him for assistance. "He must have a larger circle of acquaintance than any one else we know. I shall go over to Hillesden some Saturday and call upon him."

"We have no claim upon Mr. Sinclair," returned Mona, humiliated to see how easily both her mother and brother were disposed to have recourse to the good offices of an almost stranger.

"Yes, we have a claim," rejoined Edward, composedly. "The claim of human brotherhood. We are poor and he is rich; we are unfortunate and he is fortunate."

"I doubt if any one would admit such socialistic sentiments, except a very few who might profit by them, and those of a class to which you would never seriously wish to belong. Why should you ask a favour of Mr. Sinclair?"

"Why should I not? Is he cross and crabbed? Deformed people sometimes are."

"But he is not deformed," said Mona, surprised, and even wounded, at her brother's remark. She could almost have resented it. "Something like it," persisted Edward, "and rather sickly, too, I hear."

"His health has suffered," answered Mona, unwilling to admit more, involuntarily yielding to the prejudice that physical weakness is detractive to a man's merit. "No one could call him deformed," she went on, speaking emphatically and warmly; "on the contrary, his bearing is more truly gentlemanlike than that of any one I know."

"That is saying a great deal, sister mine," answered the young man, drawing himself up to his full height of five feet eleven, and passing his fingers through his light brown hair in an airy complacent way that incensed Mona against him for the first time in her life. "When we call every one good-looking, real good looks will pass unheeded."

"But Mr. Sinclair is more than good-looking, he has a noble face, and of no ordinary type," replied Mona, hotly.

"Then he must be good, which will be all the better for me." Mona stretched out her hand for her bonnet, which she had laid on the table:

"Going so soon, and I have so much to say?" But Mona could not wait, the afternoon was wearing away; she was tired and saddened too. From Edward she had not received either the comfort or the counsel she had expected. He was too much impressed with his own troubles to be of much use in hers. The halo that an affectionate sister sees round an only brother was broken. She had gained nothing by her long walk but extreme fatigue. Yet Edward was good in his way; he caressed her, was very kind and tender, and accompanied her homeward, supporting her with solicitude until a good chance enabled him to transfer her to another. It being market-day, several vehicles were on the road, but unfortunately those who occupied them were strangers, and Mona would not permit her brother to apply to them.

"I can walk, I am not yet at the end of my strength," she said, with a languid smile, as Edward expressed his disappointment at not seeing any one he knew. But presently a fresh sound of wheels was heard.

"Ah! Marshall, you are the very man," exclaimed Edward, stopping a spruce farmer's gig, notwithstanding Mona's opposition. "My sister has walked from Hillesden to Corneford, and is too tired to return on foot, I am sure you will drive her home."

To judge by the light that leaped into the young farmer's eyes, and the deep colour that instantly stained his swarthy cheek, Edward had conferred a favour instead of asking one; and he smiled to himself, as, heedless of her whispered remonstrance, he lifted Mona to the side of her rustic admirer.

"She might do worse," Edward said to himself, as he turned back, whistling a few bars of a popular air. "A good home and plenty of money is not a bad bargain for a penniless girl. No such chance for me; young fellows of my stamp don't make their fortune by marriage."

Meanwhile Mr. Marshall, rendered shy by the excess of his joy at having a *tête-à-tête* with Miss Mona, as she was called in the parish, could scarcely find words to express himself, and, from sheer nervousness, outraged the laws of grammar and ill-treated the Queen's English in a manner not usual with him. Except for a few provincialisms he could speak fairly well at a vestry meeting or upon any occasion when he had men for his audience, but the sweet face beside him, the gentle voice answering his remarks, and feigning, with ready tact, neither to hear his blunders nor perceive his admiration, deprived him of all self-possession. Wishing to appear a gentleman, he was aware that he was speaking like a clown, and was inwardly enraged that he could do nothing to secure the favour of his beautiful companion, while every minute, so precious now, was passing, never perhaps to return.

On arriving at the village, Mona expressed a wish to walk to the Rectory, but Mr. Marshall would not hear of it. If he could not speak to the purpose he would not lose his chance five minutes sooner than he was obliged.

As they reached the Rectory gate Mr. Sinclair was coming down the steps from the front door, and

stopped at their approach. He was fresh from his interview with Mrs. Moreton. One glance at his face was sufficient to show Mona that it had not been a pleasant one. But the serious look gave place to a smile when she hastened to explain how she came to be in her present situation.

"By your leave, sir," said the young farmer, pulling Mr. Sinclair aside with little ceremony, as, having thrown down the reins, he sprang to the ground, eagerly claiming his right to assist his fair charge to alight.

Thus repulsed, Mr. Sinclair stepped back, while Mona, in her eagerness to dispense with the proffered assistance, stumbled, and would have fallen, had it not been for the stalwart farmer, who caught her in his arms, and vexed her still more by the elaborate care with which he set her on her feet. Having thanked and shaken hands, Mona was in hopes that Mr. Marshall would see the propriety of leaving her, but he did not, and she found herself obliged to renew her thanks, if she would not stand and look foolish. This second course of expressed obligation loosened his tongue, making him more eloquent at the last moment than he had been throughout the drive home.

"Don't speak of it, it is nothing, nothing," he said, drinking in her words with extreme delight, and terribly loth to leave the enchanted ground on which he stood. "Remember, Miss Mona, that at any time when you wish to see your brother I can contrive it if you will only let me know. Snapper will be glad of a run, and besides that, I go to Cornford market every Saturday. So you see it is no trouble to me, only a pleasure," he added, with the rustic politeness that often ignores conferring an obligation.

"You are very good," returned Mona, "and I thank you very much, but I hope my brother will come to me the next time we meet."

There certainly seemed no more to say, yet Mr. Marshall lingered. Perhaps, like many a shy man, he did not know how to take himself away, or he did not like to precede his rector. To Mona's disappointment he waited until Mr. Sinclair set him the example, rather reluctantly, she thought, and then he mounted to his seat and followed him.

"Something is wrong," thought Mona, watching them wistfully as they went through the gate, and with a sigh over her helplessness to put right the entangled network of her mother's making, she entered the house.

AUTOMATA.

BY JOHN NEVIL MASKELYNE.

II.

IN the year 1688 the French General De Gennes, who fought against the English at St. Christopher, made a mechanical peacock that strutted about as is the habit of that vain bird. The tail, which opened, was of the most exquisite workmanship, and the colours were all wonderfully true to nature. It is also said to have picked up its food from the ground and digested it! I shall speak again on the subject of automatic digestion when mentioning a later example of phenomenal birds.

When Louis XIV was a child, many pieces of mechanism were made for him. In the "Memoires de l'Académie des Sciences" for 1729, there is an account of one by Père Trouchet, which took the form

of a pantomimic opera in five acts. There was a change of scene for each act, and a great number of characters conveyed some idea of the action of the piece. The figures were extremely small, the whole machine being only 16½ inches broad, 13½ high, and 1½ thick. The diminutive and ingenious work of Father Trouchet was probably nothing more than a moving picture, such as we see at the Crystal Palace, set going by dropping a coin into the box.

Another clock-work toy, invented for the budding monarch by M. Camus, was a small chariot with two horses attached. A coachman sat in front, a lady within, and a footman and page stood behind. When this machine was set in motion, Jehu cracked his whip, the "tits" pranced, galloped, and wheeled round at the end of the table, drawing up opposite the boy-king's chair; here "Jeames" and "Buttons" alighted, the latter opening the carriage-door for Madame, who stepped out with a petition, which she presented to the youth. Then, curtseying lowly, my lady returned to the vehicle. The "tiger" mounted behind, the coachman smacked his whip once more, and off went the thoroughbreds at a trot; while Monsieur Pluche, after running by the coach for a few paces, resumed his place at the back! Such is the elaborate description of a very simple toy; but it omits one important particular—that the chariot moved upon a specially-constructed mechanical table. Similar effects have since been introduced into the "shows" at English country fairs; and were we to view the original specimen of M. Camus's invention now, we might find it below the level of the Lowther Arcade by many degrees.

A great stride in advance of all this was made by Jacques de Vaucanson, of Grenoble, inventor of the endless chain still bearing his name. He was of a noble family, and member of the Royal Academy of Sciences. His mechanical genius was great, and its application varied. Some of his inventions brought him into trouble—as similar ingenuity did our own Arkwright—for Vaucanson was pelted with stones by the ignorant silk-weavers of Lyons for an improvement which he made upon a loom. For Marmontel's "Cleopatra" Vaucanson made an asp that created a thrilling effect upon the audience by fixing itself with a hiss (the sudden release of a spring, doubtless) upon the bosom of the actress who sustained the rôle of the Queen. The tragedy itself can scarcely be said to have scored a success, for upon the first night of its production a critic joined in the sibilant noise of the mechanical reptile, being, he said, "entirely of the asp's opinion." A greater achievement than the asp was Vaucanson's automaton duck, which was an advance upon De Gennes's peacock. The duck was of the life-size; it swam, dived, ruffled its feathers (which were those of a real duck placed upon wire ribs), quacked, drank, muddled the water with its bill, ate, and went through a process of digestion, it was said, "upon the principle of solution." Even Vaucanson himself spread the report that such was the case; and in a letter to the Abbé D. F—— he described the interesting phenomenon: "In this duck," he says, "will be noticed the mechanism of the viscera, intended to perform the functions of eating, drinking, and digesting. The action of all parts is exactly imitated." Vaucanson, despite his ability, was thus unable to resist the temptation to exaggerate his triumph; for Robert Houdin, who subsequently repaired the duck, reported very simple

contrivances as having given plausibility to the digesting part of the mystery.

Vaucanson's other noted performances were a flute-player, constructed in 1730—suggested to him by the celebrated statue in the Tuileries—and an android that manipulated a shepherd's pipe with the left hand and beat a tabor with the right. These, with the duck, were shown at Paris in 1738. In the same year their author published a pamphlet, describing what he considered his *chef d'œuvre*, entitled, "*Le Mécanisme du Flûteur Automate*," and in this again we notice similar exaggeration to that in his letter just quoted. Thus he intimates that the figure actually produced the flute-like sounds by air passing between its lips, whereas this was only an illusion, the music proceeding from reeds placed within the body. Part of Vaucanson's description is absolutely correct, but there is much of fiction in it. He describes the flute-player as capable of performing twelve airs upon the German flute. It was five and a-half feet high, and seated upon a rock set on a square pedestal four and a-half feet from the base and three and a-half feet broad. Air entered the body by three pipes, conveyed into them by nine pairs of bellows, three above and six below, which were worked by a steel axis turned by clock-work. The tubes passed into three reservoirs in the trunk of the figure, where they united and ascended to the throat. In the mouth was a moveable tongue, which regulated the quantity of air to be admitted to the lips. The fingers, lips, and tongue derived their movements from a steel cylinder, turned by clock-work. It was divided into fifteen equal parts, and by pegs pressing upon the ends of fifteen separate levers the other extremities ascended. Seven levers worked the fingers, having chains fixed to their extremities, which caused them to ascend or descend as their opposite ends were pressed down, and so opened or stopped the holes in the flute. Three levers regulated the ingress of air, opening and shutting by means of valves, and producing *piano* and *forte* passages. Four levers governed the mechanism of the lips, one opening them to give the air a free passage, one contracted them, one drew them backward, and the other pushed them forward. The lips were projected upon that part of the flute which receives the air, and the fifteenth lever directed the movements of the tongue so as to open or shut this aperture. The due succession of motions by the machine was secured by the extremity of the axis of the cylinder terminating on the right side by an endless screw of twelve threads about one-eighth of an inch apart. Above this screw was a piece of copper, and in it a steel pivot, which, falling in between the threads of the screw, obliged the cylinder to follow the threads, and so it was continually pushed to one side. Hence, if a lever was moved by a peg placed on the cylinder in any one revolution, it could not be moved by the same peg in the succeeding revolution, for it had then been moved one-eighth of an inch beyond it by the lateral motion of the cylinder. So, by an artificial disposition of these pegs upon the cylinder, and the successive elevation and depression of the levers, the figure exhibited the motions of a flute-player. This automatic flautist and the flageolet-player subsequently came into the possession of Professor Bayreuss, of Helmstadt. In 1752 Du Moulin, a silversmith, travelled in Germany with similar musical figures; he eventually found his way with them into Russia, and died at Moscow in 1765.

M. Le Droz, of La Chaux de Fonds, in the province of Neuchâtel, made a clock which he presented to the King of Spain. In this a sheep bleated, and a dog, watching a basket of fruit, snarled and barked if any one attempted to touch that which it guarded. The bleating of the sheep would be at regular intervals; but the barking must have been managed so that the weight of the person who advanced towards the dog pressed upon a spring which would set the machinery in motion, and it would only cease when the intruder retired. Le Droz, senior, also made a variety of androids with very natural motions. One of these was the figure of a child which dipped its pen in ink and wrote a word in French. It has been said that the automaton wrote anything dictated to it, but this is scarcely credible, as the son of Le Droz, whom I shall have occasion to name hereafter, produced a writing figure (presumably an improvement upon the elder artist's work) which was capable of performing certain set movements and none other. It is improbable that he should have gone back from his father's point of excellence, especially as the son appears to have been a more remarkable mechanical genius than was the elder Le Droz.

LEGAL ANECDOTES.

III.

MISSIVES BETWEEN BENCH AND BAR.

DURING long and tedious trials the Bench and Bar have often been wont to relieve the tedium between themselves by scribbling remarks on paper and passing them across the court. We have in our possession many of these notes, and have seen many others. Some are sufficiently amusing.

Baron Gurney fancied that Mr. A—, q.c., did not look as well as he should do whilst pleading before him. A piece of paper, passed down from the good-natured judge, was returned; and passed a second time from the Bench. Here are the verbatim contents:—

"Dear A.—What on earth is the matter with you?—Yours, J. G."

"Dear Judge,—*Bile*.—Yours, G. A."

"Dear A.—Take two Cockles'.—Yours, J. G."

Again, Baron Alderson was engaged on a tedious "pedigree case." A hiatus in the evidence occurred, which was attempted to be bridged over by the production of a rubbing from an old tombstone, inscribed with the words, "George Hill, born —, died —, aged 11 years." This would have been very material could it have been proved that this George Hill was the son of one John Hill, but nothing was said of such parentage. Alderson returned the rubbing, and with it a strip of paper, now before us, addressed to the leading counsel:—

"Dear —,—Pray, don't waste time by tendering such rubbish. Stick up your tombstone again, and to prevent the little wretch troubling a court again, put on it,—

'This baby, whom death did so quickly dispose of,
Had no father or mother as any one knows of.'

"Yours, E. H. A."

The practice of passing notes about in this way extends to the very highest courts of the kingdom. When the great case of *Gorham v. The Bishop of Exeter* was being decided in 1850, it was noticed that

a piece of foolscap made its way from one member of the Privy Council to another, and that four or five of the "Lords" made a memorandum upon it. It was doubtless imagined that the solemn and learned judges at the table conveyed to one another legal dicta of great value and importance. On the rising of the court the writer accidentally came across the paper, crumpled upon the floor. Each verse was written by a separate member of the Council, and bearing in mind that their opinions varied between High and Low Church, and that the question being discussed was of baptismal regeneration, the contents are interesting and amusing. We need hardly remind the reader that the last stanza relates to the enormous costs incurred in the proceedings.

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| | PLAINTIFF. |
| A. | Baptized, a baby
Becomes <i>sine labe</i> .
As the Act makes it,
So the Church takes it. |
| | DEFENDANT. |
| B. | Unless he be fit,
We very much doubt it,
And never a bit
Is it valid without it! |
| | COURT. |
| C. | Bishop and Vicar,
Why do you bicker,
Each with his brother?
Since both are right,
Or one is quite
As wrong as the other! |
| | JUDGMENT. |
| D. | Bishop non-suited,
Priest unrefuted,
Be instituted. |
| | COSTS. |
| E. | Deliberative,
Pondering well,
Each take a shell,
And the lawyers the native! |

What will Archdeacon Denison say when he reads this? The most solemn affairs of the Church made the jest of Erastian lawyers!

Two eminent Queen's Counsel, a year or two since, had been entertained on a Saturday evening at the table of the hospitable and witty Baron —. With the wine, "shop" began to be talked, and legal argument and dispute waxed fast and furious, until, in the end, language of not altogether a polite character passed from one to another. On the Monday morning, just before the Court sat, said Q.C. A. to his convive of the preceding Saturday night, "I say, have you apologised to Baron — for what you called him on Saturday night?" Q.C. B., "No; what *did* I call him?" "Why you said he was a big fool and no lawyer!" "Did I? Well, we had both, I fear, taken a good deal too much, and he won't take any notice of it." Said A., "I don't know, I should drop him a line if I were you." The note was written, and passed up to the Bench.

"Dear Baron,—That fellow A., who always keeps three glasses behind his friends to remind them of their sins afterwards, tells me that on Saturday

night, stimulated by your capital port, I called you a fool! I can scarcely believe it, and have no recollection of it. If I *did* so transgress, need I say how sincerely I apologise, and how admiringly I am

"Your faithful servant,

"B."

The Baron looked at the note, reflected, smiled, and then scribbled the following, which was handed to Q.C. B. :—

"Dear B.,—Your note immensely relieves me! All yesterday the word 'fool' was floating in my sensorium! I thought in my haste I had called *you* one. I am delighted it was the other way.

"Ever yours,

"_____,"

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.

SHEPHERDS' DOGS.

THE late Mr. Jesse, in a lecture at Brighton, told the following anecdotes about shepherds' dogs.

In Cumberland there are very extensive and high hills, on which numerous flocks of sheep depasture, and which at a distance look like little white specks. A shepherd will stand at the bottom of one of these hills, and send his dog up in the evening to collect his flock. This the dog will do by selecting the sheep from the different flocks, and bring them down to his master, there being seldom one missing. Should there, however, happen to be one, the dog is sent back, and never fails to return with the proper sheep. I have watched this proceeding, and it has always appeared to me most wonderful that, in a flock consisting probably of some hundreds, mixed with several others, a poor dog should be able to distinguish each one of his master's sheep. A caress on the head, or a kind word, seem sufficient to repay him for all his trouble. He will return at night to his master's cottage, wet and tired, and coil himself up before a fire, probably, of a few sticks, and be ready to renew his toil the next day.

These sheepdogs have a wonderful degree of intelligence. When I had a small farm I was in the habit of having two hundred sheep sent me from the Cheviot Hills, some two hundred and fifty miles from my farm in Surrey. On asking the shepherd who brought them the first year how he had got on, he said he had but a young dog, and found much difficulty by the sheep taking wrong turnings, going up lanes and bye-roads. The next year I asked him the same question. He told me that he had been accompanied by the same dog, who recollected all the false turnings the sheep had made the year before, and had gone before them and kept them in the proper road, so that he had no difficulty with them. Here was recollection, intellect, and a certain degree of reason as well as instinct.

The Highland shepherds are firmly convinced that their dogs perfectly understand what is said. Indeed, Hogg, the celebrated Ettrick Shepherd, related to me one or two instances in proof of this, which, I am sorry to say, I have forgotten; but you shall hear another. A Highland shepherd, speaking to a gentleman, said, accidentally, "I'm thinking the coo (cow) is in the corn." His dog immediately rose, passed out of the house, and climbing to the top of a pigsty, which commanded a view of the corn-field, satisfied himself that the cow was not there, and

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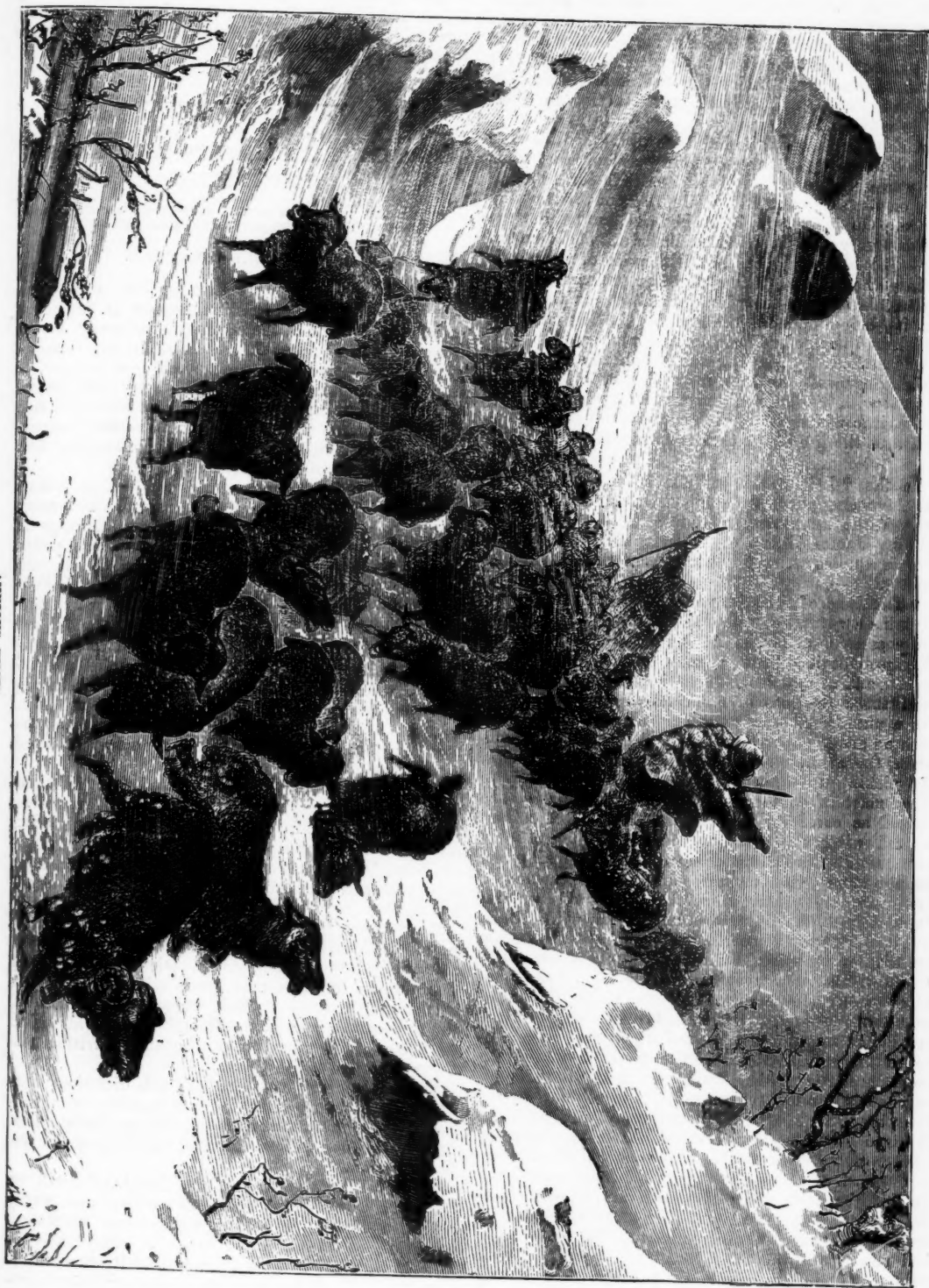
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ANXIOUS TIMES



returned to the house. In order to try the dog, he said, "Deed, sir, the coo's in the tatars." Again the dog went out, made his own observations, and again returned. A third trial was then made, which showed that there was no occasion for the dog's services. He returned and went under the bed, sulky, growling, and dissatisfied, evidently disgusted at having been made a fool of.

A shepherd was in the habit of taking his little son with him, a boy of three or four years of age, when he was going to attend his sheep. He left him one day on the slope of a hill, while he went to some distance. On his return, he looked and hunted for the lad in every direction, but at last went back, late at night, to his cottage, and told his wife of their loss. While they were sitting together, miserable and disconsolate, they heard a scratching at the door. On its being opened, the shepherd's dog came in, which had not before been missed, and by his significant actions, by pulling the shepherd's coat and looking earnestly at him, induced him to follow the animal with his lantern, and was led by him to some rocks, into which the boy is supposed to have slipped, and thus the life of the child was saved.

In the "Leisure Hour" for 1874, page 135, an article on shepherds' dogs appeared, containing many remarkable anecdotes, including the best of those told by James Hogg, of Ettrick. The Rev. F. O. Morris quotes* the following from the "Dumfries Courier":—

"The farm of Airdrie, parish of Kirkbean, which contains a variety of soil, has been for some time in the possession of Mr. R. A. Oswald, of Auchincrieve. The present has been a most disastrous lambing season, and although Kirkbean is a wild waste parish, even there the loss of stock has been very great. For a number of weeks the careful shepherds have been as much exposed as his Majesty's mail-guards when the country is blockaded, feeding weak ewes, and picking up deserted lambs, which they carry to their masters' or their own homes, where they are nursed as carefully as orphan children. A hound noticed what was going forward, and, though fourteen months had elapsed since she has had pups, strange to say, she has already been the means of succouring and saving more than sixty woolly nurslings that might otherwise have perished. Night and day she may be seen lying on sheepskins before the kitchen fire with half a dozen lambs around her, distinguishing the weakest from such as are somewhat stronger, and devoting to them the most assiduous attention. Repeatedly when some of the invalids have got a little round, they have been conveyed to the hillside with the view of mothering them, and very often, when left free, she has not only sought out her former nurslings, but carried them home again with the greatest care, although the distance is more than a mile. After the servants have gathered to rest, Mr. McCracken, while reading in the parlour, sometimes lights his candle and visits the kitchen, to see how his woolly family, with their hairy nurse, are getting on. The lambs, when they see the light, are painfully affected, bleat piteously, and run about the floor, but their guardian soon puts everything to rights by poking them gently

with her nose back to their former position. Although a more remarkable circumstance has rarely, if ever, fallen under our notice, and though some may affect incredulity, there are witnesses whose testimony prove it to be true to the letter."

UTOPIAN EXPERIMENTS AND SOCIAL PIONEERINGS.

BY THE REV. M. KAUFMANN, M.A., AUTHOR OF "SOCIALISM: ITS NATURE, ITS DANGERS, AND ITS REMEDIES CONSIDERED."

II.—MEDIÆVAL COMMUNISM.

IN the former paper we have spoken of the tendencies of the Christian System in favour of social equality and of the community of goods among the early Christians as the result of the first outburst of religious enthusiasm. We shall now proceed to show how from time to time, with every new revival of religious feeling, similar tendencies prevailed, and similar attempts were made to reintroduce communistic institutions, as supposed to be in keeping with the spirit of primitive Christianity.

During the first four centuries we find the fathers of the Church cast a regretful glance upon the custom of the Apostolic age, when "they had all things in common." Thus, St. Chrysostom exclaims, with a sigh, "If we ourselves adopted in our own day this mode of life, the result would be an immense addition of happiness to rich and poor alike; both would have an equal share of advantage." St. Basil, and Gregory of Nyassa, give expression to similar sentiments, whilst St. Ambrose utters those memorable words, which have been re-echoed so often since by social enthusiasts: "Nature has given all things in common to all men. Nature has established a common right, and it is usurpation which has produced a private claim."

At the same time it has to be noted that with these expressions in patristic literature, there are others equally strong in favour of the rights of property, and nowhere do we find any encouragement of revolutionary schemes for a violent reconstruction of society on purely communistic principles, such as are put forward by modern Socialists.

There were heretical sects, too, at a very early period of Church history who, under the pretext of reforming the common faith, wished to establish Communism as the true basis of social life on Christian principles. Such were the Nicholaitans, the Carpocratians, and the Pelagians, who all looked back to the Communism of the early Christians as the golden age of the Church.

The most decided tendency in this direction, however, manifests itself in the communistic establishments of the monastic orders, and among the so-called heretics of the mediæval revival which preceded the Reformation.

Thus, within the pale of the Romish Church, we have the monks and religious orders, and partly within and partly without it we have the apostolical sectaries, or imitators of apostolic simplicity—the Beghards, Fraticelli, the Cathari, and Brothers of the Common Lot, all more or less practising Communism on religious grounds, and as a protest against the abuses of private property, which was by them denominated, "that accursed vice of propriety."

* "Dogs and their Doings." By the Rev. F. O. Morris, B.A., Rector of Nunburnholme. One of the many pleasant books on natural history produced at the instance of Mr. Smithies, of the "British Workman," and published by Partridge & Co.

It would be out of place to give here a full and exhaustive account of all of these. We must content ourselves with a rapid sketch of religious communities of the monks before and during, and that of the religious brotherhoods towards the close of, the middle ages. Noting the state of society in which they took their rise, we have to show what influence they exercised at the time, for good and for evil, and to draw attention to those economic or rather anti-economic principles in the systems which prevent their serving as models of communistic societies in the present day.

Both in the East and West, among the followers of Buddha and Pythagoras, as well as the disciples of Christ, there have been men at all times who, either influenced by religious ardour or love of contemplative ease, have sought refuge in retreats, and secluded hermitages, away from the "haunts of men and the vices of society." Thus we read of early monastic establishments in Egypt attached to the Christian faith. Here is a description of their mode of life. The brothers were dressed in long linen tunics, with a woollen girdle, a cloak, and over it a sheepskin. They sometimes went about barefooted, sometimes wore a kind of sandal. Their food was bread and water, their only luxuries, rarely and sparingly indulged in, were oil and salt, olives and figs. They ate in perfect silence, each decury by itself. Every monk had his separate cell, the furniture of which consisted of a mat of palm-leaves and a bundle of papyrus, which served as a pillow by night and a seat by day. They spent night and day in religious orisons, or listened in silence to the reading of the Word. Men of rank and education left their luxurious palaces for these simple abodes in the howling wilderness. They voluntarily left their estates and worldly prospects to seek peace for their souls, and immunity from temptation, in monastic seclusion. Like the first Christians of Jerusalem, they resigned the use of the property of their temporal possessions, established regular communities of the same sex, and a similar disposition, and assumed the names of Hermits, Monks, and Anchorets, expressive of their lonely retreat in a natural or artificial desert.*

When the Roman Republic was crumbling to pieces by reason of private vice and public corruption, the "Christian Republic" recently founded in the midst of the dying empire preserved it from immediate ruin. So, too, when Roman society, by its selfishness and extravagant luxury, hastened on its own dissolution, the "Republics of Monachism" introduced the counteracting principles of frugality and self-denial, and so laid the foundation of a new form of society in the midst of social disorganisation.

At a later stage, when the incursion of the barbarians laid waste the fertile lands of sunny Italy, in the midst of desolation and destruction by hordes of northern savages, the monasteries became the shelter of the weak, and their inmates the civilisers of these wild children of the forests.

Thus they formed the nucleus of a new European society, and became colonisers in unknown wilds, or in lands rendered desolate by the fire and sword of the ruthless invaders. The monastic principle of administration was that of common rights in an age when rights were disregarded. Surrounded by "ruined cities, stopped watercourses, cultivated land falling back into marsh and desert—a soil too often saturated with human corpses,"† the monks reared

their common habitations, and established new social bonds for the reconstruction of society in an inchoate condition. They became the teachers of a new "social science," on the principles of Divine justice, when all around was injustice and selfish spoliation of the weak by the strong. The monasteries were the refuges whither "flocked the poor, the crippled, the orphan, and the widow—all, in fact, who could not fight for themselves"—and maintained in an age of remorseless violence the principles of Christian pity and compassion.

These Christian settlements, abbeys, or monasteries, were so many industrial centres, in which every man endeavoured to contribute his share to the best of his ability for the common welfare. They did what Fourier and Louis Blanc demand in their schemes—they threw their talents and powers into the common stock. They engaged in farming, gardening, carpentering, even writing, doctoring, teaching in the schools, or preaching to the heathen round on the associatory principle.‡ Whilst the outer world presented a ghastly spectacle of violence, fraud, injustice, cruelty, lustful ambition, and a merciless subjection of the weak by the strong, the monks presented before the world the spectacle of a society united by a common bond, sharing equal rights and duties, where the strong came to the succour of the weak, and kind forbearance and tender charity formed the rule of daily life.

Further on, during the period of Feudalism, when liberty became almost extinct, and every baron became absolute within his own domain, with powers unchecked, and a warlike spirit prevailed, unmoved by the softer emotions of pity and brotherly love, when the government of Europe was left to local tyrants, whose narrow sphere of unbearable sovereignty "straightened the yoke of the serfs, constrained the free intercourse of the people, perpetuated their ignorance and dependence, and checked their social improvement," the monastery, with its republican government and constitutional laws, served as a model and an ideal of social combination, of a confraternity governed by a Christian rule in a lawless age, of an association voluntarily united for a common end. The monasteries were extending their beneficent rule to the municipalities which were slowly gathering round them, and these presently grew into cities which were destined to break the yoke of feudal bondage. "Men talk of democracy," says C. Kingsley, in the work already referred to; "those old monasteries were the most democratic institutions the world had ever till then seen."

Thus the moral government of ecclesiastical communities seemed the triumph for the reign of law and order over the rude predatory disposition of the feudal lords; and when the World in its "pilgrim's progress" had reached the slough of despond in the tenth century, and became subject to absolute and unmitigated despotism, the Church of the day encouraged popular association for the vindication of the common rights of all, and could point to the associating spirit of the monasteries as an example of strength by means of corporate union.

The rise of the middle-class, and with it that of commercial enterprise, were the result, and corporate rights and liberties followed. Thus the principles of

* Milman, "History of Christianity," vol. iii. pp. 208-10. Gibbon, "Decline and Fall," chap. xxvii.

† Charles Kingsley, "The Roman and the Teuton," p. 150.

* *Ibid.*, p. 213.

† *Ibid.*, p. 233. Those who wish to obtain a tolerably correct view of the age and the social influences of Monachism at the time should read the volume alluded to, especially pp. 154-244, and compare Guizot's "History of Civilisation in Europe," 4th and 6th Lessons.

association, co-operation, and a fair division of labour and enjoyment, fraternal love, and devotion to the common good, lawful obedience under free institutions, and a spirit of beneficence towards those without—in fact the leading principles of all Utopias—found some realisation in these monastic institutions before the dawn of modern civilisation. Monachism gave “a wholesome stimulus to the enervated race” of Romans, it presented a spectacle of social cohesion in a disorganised state of society during the dark ages, and in making manual labour, hitherto despised, the basis of European life, it promoted the rise of the artisan and middle-class, and the triumph of civic liberty over feudal oppression.

What were the causes of success in these monastic establishments? Was it Communism pure and simple as they practised it? We answer, No! For without the acts of heroism and self-denial of these religious Communists; without the rule of celibacy, which prevented an undue increase of numbers; without the existence of a larger outer world, which to a certain extent ministered to the wants of these recluses, their societies, admirably as they were framed and governed, could not have stood the test of time. They succeeded as “extra-social” communities who separated from the world, whose constitution, therefore, cannot serve as a pattern to the world at large, which is not ready to subject itself to the austerities of the cloister, and to abstain from the material enjoyments of life, which formed the leading principles of Monachism. Their later history, moreover, holds out no encouragement to modern Communists, who point to their constitution as a pattern to modern society. When no longer satisfied with the monotony of their daily round of duties, they yielded to the enticing temptations of dull idleness; when the monks, who had begun as beggars, by the votive offerings of their ignorant admirers, ended as princes in wealth, when the rules of abstinence and frugal simplicity were broken or disregarded, opulence led to corruption, fanaticism undermined the principle of brotherly love, the monasteries themselves became the scenes of rapacity and lust, and the sanctities of a common brotherhood were polluted by the wicked conduct of many of its members.

The salt had lost its savour, the Church became secularised, the pious fervour of the monks no longer sustained them in their war against the sensuous brutality of the age—they became themselves the victims of the social exigencies of the times. The ages of asceticism and wholesome restraint (which our modern Communists do not desire to be revived) were followed by a dark period of ecclesiastical corruption, and in vain noble spirits like St. Francis and St. Dominic tried to stem its torrent by unfurling the “Magna Charta of evangelical poverty.”

The depravity of the Church, and the luxury of the hierarchy, called forth an “inundation of heresy,” and the rise of a number of sects, who agitated for a return to the simple life of the Apostolic age. At the same time, attempts were made to break through the hard crust of feudalism by several popular movements among the grovelling multitudes of serfs and the rebellious burghers of free cities, who made the eleventh century “a century of insurrection.” There was mutiny in the very camp of the Papacy. The *Fraticelli* as a separatist branch of the Franciscan Order in Italy and Spain; the “Brothers of the Free Spirit,” a body accused of Pantheistic and Communistic tendencies in Germany and Flanders;

the Beghards and Beguines, who led a common life, and practised charity among the people around them, all these protested against the accumulation of wealth in the Church, and denied the rights of possessing private property. They began by being social and ended in being religious dissenters, or, as in the case of the Beguins, were tolerated, though, indeed, never actually countenanced, by Rome.”

These “paltry brotherlets” were more or less related to the *Cathari*, the Puritans of the middle ages, among whom the “perfect” renounced all personal property, professing to follow the Saviour and His Apostles in poverty, and declaiming against the wealth and secularity of the clergy,* while some, like the early Christians, had all things in common.†

They had numerous followers of the laity. The tesserantes or weavers of the South of France, and the “poor men of Lyons,” joined the “poor of the Lord” in the same complaints against the wanton despotism of the feudal lords and the degeneracy of the Church. The secret working of discontent in the depth of society made itself felt, and threatened a violent disruption in the Church and in the world. A powerful fraternising spirit united the religious sectaries, who formed a sort of *international society* of devout purists in the principal countries of Europe, and preached the doctrines of Christian Socialism, whilst they practised Communism in its various forms. Interdicts, curses, and active persecution followed to stamp out spiritual and social heresies, but only served to spread the defamed doctrines and to enlist the sympathy of the populace in favour of the dissentients, and thus to bring about an inundation of heresy in different directions, and to precipitate the outbreak of a series of social insurrections from the twelfth century to the Reformation.

Among the numerous sects of that day those two which stand out prominently above the rest are the Brothers of the Common Lot, or the Brothers of the Common Life in Germany and the Low Countries, on the one hand, and the Apostolici under Sagarelli and Fra Dolcino in Italy, on the other hand, to whose interesting history and communistic institutions we must now direct the reader's attention.

“Dear master,” said the younger Florentius, vicar of Deventer, one day to Gerhard the revered preceptor of Thomas Kempis, “what harm would it do were I and these clerks, who are here copying, to put our weekly earnings into a *common fund* and live together?”

“Well, then,” says the master, after a short parley, during which he pointed out the difficulty of the undertaking to his ardent disciple, “in God's name, commence, I will be your advocate, and fully defend you against all who rise up against you.” Thus was formed the Society of the Common Lot, who presently grew into an extensive confederation—a *union of brethren* on the apostolic pattern. Their object was by this establishment to extend the usefulness of practical Christianity by the simplicity of their common life, their rigorous code of morality, and a higher spiritual tone of devotion.

They sought to obtain their object by means of propagating religious knowledge in their schools, and the dissemination of sacred literature copied by the brethren. To provide for their common subsistence without disturbing a purely brotherly re-

* Robertson, “History of Christian Church,” vol. v. p. 324.

† Milman, “Latin Christianity,” vol. v. p. 402. Third Edition.

relationship among themselves,* they introduced the principle of a *community of goods*. "Modest subordination," says Thomas à Kempis, "passed among the brethren, from the highest to the lowest, for the first of virtues, and made their earthly house a paradise." The rectors were regarded as the fathers of the institution, the members were their obedient sons. Their mode of life was as follows:—About twenty of them lived together in a domicile, possessing a common fund, and taking their food at a common table. Some were priests, some clerics, some laymen. Reception into the society was rendered difficult, and novices underwent a rigorous season of probation. The candidate admitted had to resign his patrimony for the common use. The customary dress was of a sombre colour, and a cowl covered the tonsured head of the brethren as in the case of monks, although more freedom was allowed respecting uniformity of attire than in the monasteries. The division of time for labour and devotional exercises was most methodical. Some were engaged in literary labours, others in manual work, but interchange of duties took place for the sake of variety and cordial co-operation, as suggested centuries later by Fourier, whilst the government of the whole was partly hierarchical and partly technical, as suggested at a later period in Campanella's "City of the Sun."

Female societies were formed in imitation of the confraternities, and established a community of women occupied in manual labour, as sewing and weaving, in devotional exercises, and the instruction of female children, by means of which they became instrumental in spreading the principle of the society among families generally.

These institutions, notwithstanding conflicts and obstacles which impeded their progress, spread rapidly, and increased in importance and prosperity, and enjoyed popular favour. When they had fulfilled their mission they passed away without a struggle. Having supplied a need during the period preceding the Reformation, as an educational agency before the revival of learning, as a co-operative society for transcribing books before the discovery of the art of printing, as a social community "resting on the foundation of apostolical antiquity" at a time when social relations had become most unsatisfactory and social morality had sunk to its lowest ebb, they stood out against the background of a dark age like "a peak gilded with the first morning rays in the dawn which precedes the Reformation."

When that great event had come, these societies passed away to make room for others more adapted for the times. The success of their Utopian experiment, as far as it went, proves the possibility of active co-operation on communistic principles, if accompanied by the affectionate association of mind and heart, actuated by the highest motives of morality, the spirit of pietism and self-surrender. The application of such principles to the Utopian schemes of most modern Communists, who make material enjoyment and self-indulgence, irrespective of moral considerations, the *summum bonum* of existence, is, therefore, out of the question, although as an encouragement to co-operative association, resting on an ethical basis, these social pioneerings of a past age are of great importance. They teach us that the development and success

of co-operative association depends on the evolution of a higher motive power manifesting itself in acts of self-denial, strength of character, and brotherly love among all classes of society.

From the flat lowlands of the north we turn to the sunny south, to follow a similar social experiment beyond the Alps and Apennines, on the soil of Italy and in the Piedmontese mountains.

The Apostolicals of Italy, as headed by Sagarelli and Fra Dolcino, were as different from the Brethren of the Common Lot as the fiery temperament of southern nations differs from the cold reserve and calm self-control of the north.

On the Potesta's seat in the market-place of Parma you see a comparatively young man, dressed in a white flowing robe, with white long hair flowing down his shoulders, his thick beard falling over his chest. Round his waist he wears the cord of the Franciscan friars, but he does not belong to that order. He has just sold his small property. He flings the purchase-money, contained in a small leathern purse, down from the place where he is sitting among a crowd of scrambling boys, to show his contempt for the sordid dross, and to begin his career as a strict follower of the Apostles. This man is Gerard Sagarelli, "the patriarch and protomartyr" of Lombard Puritans, the founder of a new mendicant brotherhood who call themselves the Apostles. Loud and shrill is his preaching in the streets of Parma. He is despised at first, or pitied by the lookers-on, but his earnest appeals and hysterical exhortations produce at last an effect upon the populace. He becomes the head of an undisciplined though organised sect—a union of brethren, not held together by any vow, rule, or law, but actuated solely by the free spirit of love and a total renunciation of earthly interests. For nearly twenty years the society was allowed to spread without being molested. At last Sagarelli, after a short respite of confinement, when every attempt to turn him aside from his heretical opinions had failed, although by some he was supposed to abjure his errors, he fell a victim of the Dominican inquisition, and his party was crushed. A successor is found, more powerful in intellectual capacity and will, in Fra Dolcino of Novara, who becomes the leader of a larger and more formidable society of religious Communists, whose history has been called the most striking episode in the long sad chronicle of mediæval heresy. A cloud of obscurity and mystery hangs over the earlier life of Fra Dolcino. He is said to have sprung from a noble family, and to have distinguished himself in his studies by quickness of parts and diligence. We find him active as an anti-sacerdotalist in the districts of the Tyrol, denouncing the luxury of the clergy, and recommending a community of goods, before his assumption of the leadership of the sect on the death of Sagarelli. His powerful eloquence made a deep impression on the souls of men, who clung to him with a stern, enduring fanaticism; his tact in organisation and military skill enabled him to hold out long against his powerful enemies, who persecuted him as they had done his predecessor before him. We are not here concerned with his religious tenets and apocalyptic predictions concerning the golden age of true Apostolic perfection, which he declared had been lately inaugurated by his predecessor Sagarelli. We must confine ourselves to his social views, and the manner he tried to give them effect.

His aim was a restoration of primitive simplicity

* Ullman, "Reformers before the Reformation," vol. II., p. 71, et seq.

of life, and hence he instituted Communism among his followers. But this Communism was nothing else but a universal renunciation of property, a strict equality of distribution. Utter expropriation and self-extinction was the guiding principle of the Dolcinists. Many persons of quality left their estates and joined the society, as well as many of the common people. The peasantry, goaded to madness by feudal exaction, swelled its ranks, oppressed vassals, citizens of the towns, all priests and friars in rebellion against Rome, "took refuge from want, degradation, and tyranny," in a society which made it its boastful claim to have separated from a "Church, carnal, overburdened with possessions, overflowing with wealth, polluted with wickedness," and which proposed to establish "one, spiritual, frugal, without uncleanness, admirable for its virtue, with poverty for its raiment."^{*}

Their enemies accused them of heinous tenets and hideous morals, which, however, deserve only slight credit.[†] One thing is certain, that they from the highest motives discarded the sweets of life, and chose privation through every stage of hardship and suffering. Through every degree of horrid starvation, against ruthless enemies, under the dire inclemencies of nature, they had to fight their way to the crown of martyrdom.

The sect of the Apostles grew and throve, not only without trespassing upon or coveting their neighbours' goods, but binding itself to the renunciation of their own.[‡]

They shared the common fate of heretics, they were hunted to death; an internecine war, carried on with all the savage cruelty of the time, was waged between Dolcino and his Papal opponents, which ended in his utter defeat, after he had held out with remarkable fortitude on the bleak inhospitable crags of Monte Calvo and Mount Zerbal. The sufferings and privations of Dolcino and his followers in these inaccessible rocks, covered with ice and snow, called forth the admiring sympathy of Dante, commemorated in these lines.

"This warning thou
Bear to Dolcino: bid him, if he wish not
Here soon to follow me, that with good store
Of food he arm him, lest imprisoning snows
Yield him a victim to Novara's power;
No easy conquest else."

When famine and the sword had reduced his band of followers, and the besieged were worn down to thin feeble skeletons, groping about for food among the corpses of their fallen comrades, Mount Zerbal was stormed, a thousand were massacred, drowned in their flight in the rivers, or burned. Dolcino was made prisoner, refused to recant, and after horrible torments, which he bore with heroic firmness, his body was committed to the flames.

Dolcino's influence, however, was felt long afterwards among the Cathari of Italy and the Waldenses in the Piedmontese valleys, although the sect of the Apostolicals, for a time at least, had been extinguished in blood, and its leader perished on the stake.

"In Dolcino," to use the words of Neander, "we see the climax of that ascetical view of Christian charity, according to which it should manifest itself, not in the appropriation of all

earthly means for the advancement of God's kingdom, but in the renunciation of every earthly advantage; not in the conciliation and subordination of the inequalities of condition flowing out of human relations, and necessary to the various development of man's nature, but in the total abnegation of those differences. In opposition to the worldliness of the Church, he proposed an entire estrangement from the world by a fraternal association of love, in which all should be united together under a voluntary bond, independent of constraint and law, and with the repudiation of all property and all inequalities of condition."^{*}

The same Church historian points out that the cause of his failure was Dolcino's error in overlooking "the great gulf betwixt his purpose and its accomplishments, that gradual equalisation by the spread of Christian principles, and not immediate realisation, was to be expected, that its final accomplishment depends on the growth of a moral spirit and temper in this direction, conterminous with the process of historical development of society, that it was not to be brought about by the hasty 'externalisation and secularisation of a thing that was to be seized ideally and spiritually.'"[†]

In plainer words, the practical influence of Christianity must work through existing forms of social life, not by isolation from them. Monastic life, even if it could exist without the evils inseparable from it, is against the spirit and teaching of the gospel.

A similar error underlies all the proposals of modern Socialists for the immediate reconstruction of society. Modern science and civilised moderation will prevent the recurrence of enormities of a less advanced age. May the social miscalculations and economic errors of the past serve as a warning for the future, and a millennium of failures from the fourth to the fourteenth century, in the endeavours to establish pure Communism in societies unripe for its reception, convey the lesson of patience to would-be revolutionisers, and the lesson of hope to the earnest reformers of society.

THE EDELWEISS.



THIS very popular little plant is found in exposed situations on many parts of the Alps of Europe. It belongs to the order *Compositæ*, one of the largest of the natural families of plants. Formerly it was

known under the name of *Gnaphalium Leontopodium*, but now it is called *Leontopodium alpinum*. It is a perennial, growing from six to eight inches high, with oblong, very woolly-looking leaves, and pale greenish yellow, rather conspicuous flowers, produced in June in a crowded head surrounded by a star-like whorl of densely woolly floral leaves. *Edelweiss*

(meaning nobly white) is the German name for this interesting plant, which is so eagerly sought

^{*} Milman, "Latin Christianity," vol. vii. p. 371-381, *et passim*.
[†] c.f. L. Mariotti, "Memoir of Fra Dolcino and his Times," p. 208, who defends them against the charge of immoral tendencies and sexual promiscuity.
[‡] *Ibid.*, p. 302.

^{*} Neander, "Church History," vol. viii. pp. 400, 461.

[†] *Ibid.*, p. 467.

[‡] From *leon*, a lion, and *pous*, a foot, the heads of flowers having been fancifully likened to a lion's foot.

after by most Alpine travellers, who are anxious to obtain specimens, that its entire disappearance in some districts will only be a question of time. Season after season we hear that measures are being taken by the anxious Swiss against the threatened extinction of the *Edelweiss*. Thus, so far as Obwalden is concerned, the authorities of that canton have forbidden the uprooting of the plant (not the plucking of the flowers) under a penalty of fifty francs for each offence. All tourists of culture are, or at any rate should be, quite as anxious as the Swiss themselves can be that this unique plant should be allowed to live on to future generations, and afford delight to botanists and climbers yet unborn. Some of the foreign Alpine clubs have done what they could to put a stop to the present reckless and culpable waste of the *Edelweiss*. It is said that the members of the Austrian Alpine Club issued a bye-law, a year or two ago, against the custom of wearing a sprig of the fluffy *Leontopodium* in the hat.

The communes of the Upper Engadine have now taken the flower under the protection of their local civil law, and the sale of the plant in a fresh and living condition is prohibited under the penalty of five francs for the first offence. The proposal was started by the Kurverein, an association which seeks to make life agreeable to the thousands of health-seekers and pleasure-seekers who, during the summer and autumn, sojourn at St. Moritz, Pontresino, Samaden, and the other villages of which the famous waters of St. Moritz are the centre. The proposal was unanimously accepted by the senators of these venerable little republics of the Grey League. It appears that the worst persecutors of the plant are the Italians, those picturesque Bergamo herdsmen and herdboys who come up from the southern side of the Alps at the beginning of the season, and remain on the mountains with their flocks until the first snow falls. They pluck up the plants mercilessly by the roots, and they will run beside a carriage for half a mile, entreating the occupants to purchase a bunch, lowering the price of it at every few yards, until they succeed in their object. With the exception of the Alpine rose (*Rhododendron ferrugineum*), scarcely any other mountain flower is so popular among foreign visitors, and so dear to the native heart, as the *Edelweiss*. Auerbach and others have sung its praises. In some cantons it is called the "bridal flower."

In the Grisons it is the custom for a young man on his betrothal to scale the heights, and bring his fiancée a bunch of *Edelweiss* of his own winning. These flowers are preserved, and worn by the young girl on her bridal day. A local legend has been thus rendered into verse by Ella Sharpe Youngs:—

THE BRIDAL FLOWER.

"Farewell! up the steep, o'er the crevasse I go,
To win from the glacier its blossom of snow;
Through many a danger, through many a toil,
Ere I greet thee, beloved, with my well-gotten spoil!

"Farewell! See the sun to midheaven is springing;
The young birds are weary with flight and with singing;
The mountain is rugged, and wild is the track,
But this eve, with my guerdon, shall welcome me back!

"Farewell! but, oh! why does thy young cheek grow pale,
Since the breezes are wooing it still from the vale?
Through thy tresses of gold the next sunset shall cast
Its hues on the buds I have won from the blast.

"Farewell! and how long will appear the dull hours,
Until I can bear thee the cold nuptial flowers?
But, oh! as I spring up the drear mountain side,
I know that my step will be watched by my bride!"

"Oh, stay!" and her eyes are upraised to his own,
While their glance is as fixed and as rigid as stone!
"While my love or my warning with thee can prevail,
I adjure thee attempt not yon glaciers to scale.

"Think'st thou that this spirit will ever forget
That thy life for the blossoms with fear was beset?
They may fade on my bosom, their bloom may decline,
Ere they thrill to a kiss or a love-smile of mine!

"Oh! tempt not the mountain, my visions are true,
And they bid me refuse thee this transient adieu;
If thou peril thy life—oh! then with thee I go,
And love pleads with the strongest, thou dar'st not say 'No!'"

She is folded so close in a ling'ring embrace;
One gaze in her blue eyes, a kiss on her face,
And he speeds up the hillside as light as the deer,
While the maiden's fair brow is all shrouded with fear!

Eve lingers on the Alpine height,
Then slowly deepens into night.
The maiden's watch is drear and long;
She hears no footstep on the hill,
And but the tones of the silver rill
Which stir the evening air with song!
But, oh! the steps her vigils wait,
Where are they lingering so late?
No sound is on the mountain steeps;
No echoes float above the plain;
And shedding some large drops of pain,
The maiden still her vigil keeps
Till midnight sheds its soft repose,
Above the cold eternal snows;
She watches all in vain!

And morning finds her waiting still,
Beside the whisp'ring mountain rill,
As though she sought that bright prelude
To break the utter solitude!
And now her weary, mournful eyes
Scan the stern pathway once again;
And her strained vision now decries
A dark and slowly-moving train.
Nearer, and yet more near it moves,
And she, transfixed, awaits it there.
She fears to stir the boding air,
Yet fain would meet the form she loves!
"Oh, Alwin!" and her voice is low,
"Hast thou, then, kept me watching so
To learn if I could bear to wait
Thy footstep if it came so late?"
And, gath'ring strength, on agile feet
She flies, her lover's gaze to meet.
But, horror! can her sight be dim,
That still form—sees she really him?
With pale hands, folded on his breast,
They slowly bear him home to rest.
From out the deathless snows and ice
His fingers clasp the Edelweiss,
As though he prized them more than all,
And sought to spare them in his fall.

She forward leans, and leaves a kiss
Upon his brow so marble pale;

Her bright hair, like a shining veil,
Folds round them as she stoops for this;
And, gath'ring from his hold so tight
The fatal buds, she to her breast
Enfolds with care each blossom white;
And bids them bear him on to rest!

Time speeds, and from the hamlet small
It slowly winds that mourning train;
Two biers are borne in silent pain,
Out where the night winds fall!
And in one grave they side by side
Are laid, the fair and gentle bride
And her young lover. Not in vain,
With him, she said, that she would go,
And that he dared not answer "No!"

We hope that this tragic tale is widely known among the mountain swains and damsels, and that it may help to save the *Edelweiss* from becoming an extinct plant.

Varieties.

IRREGULAR INDIAN CORPS.—In the days when appointments to irregular regiments were deemed the prizes of the Indian Army, men were selected who possessed only those qualifications which it was deemed essential for every irregular officer to possess. Men with good physique, hardy constitutions, thorough sportsmen, yet not averse from regimental work, with an aptitude for languages, and a cheery disposition—these were the officers who made the Irregular system. Settling down on the Punjab border as into a new home, they identified themselves with their men—with Pathans, Sikhs, Dogras, and Punjabi Mohammedans alike. They studied the idiosyncrasies of the various races, the dialects of the different tribes, and were well acquainted with the village feuds and clan disturbances. The British officer's house was open at all times to his men, who would love to come in, and, sitting down on the floor, would enter into a homely chat with the Sahib. Thus there were few officers who did not know every man in their regiments by name, and, more than that, knew their character and disposition thoroughly. Since the Mutiny, however, all this has been changed. Every regiment is an Irregular regiment, and every officer, however unfitted he may be, is thrust into a position for which a few years ago few were considered eligible. More than this, a regiment is no longer looked upon as a home, the British officers are shifted from one to another, and it is the exception, not the rule, that a man passes his service in his original corps.—*Indian Correspondent of the "Times."*

GERANIUM FLOWERS IN WINTER.—There is perhaps no plant better suited for prolonged flowering during the winter months than the geranium, if handled in the following manner: Procure young plants of the varieties you wish, about the middle of May. Put them in four-inch pots, this being the best to keep them in for the next four months. Use well-decayed sod, adding about one-third cow manure. Mix thoroughly together, but do not make too fine, as the geranium delights in rather a rough compost. Place about four inches of ashes under the pots. This will have the effect of keeping worms and other insects out of the pots. Keep them on the dry side, as you do not want to encourage growth. Should any flowers appear, pinch them off, also the leading shoots, to keep them in shape. Towards the end of September repot them in six-inch pots, that is, six inches in diameter, in the compost recommended above. They will now commence to grow freely. About the tenth of October put them in their winter quarters, selecting the window where they will get the most sun and light. Plants treated in this manner will flower the whole winter.—*Toronto Globe.*

COOKERY SCHOOLS.—Mr. J. C. Buckmaster gives some useful hints on economic cookery. "A good dinner to a number of poor persons ought not to exceed 5d. or 6d. each, and the bones, pieces of bread, and vegetables left from the dinner, instead of being wasted, should be made into a soup for the next day's dinner, and in this way two dinners could often be given for little more than the cost of one. I am frequently told that

poor persons dislike soups, but the hardest lump of meat must be made into a soup before it can fulfil the purposes of a food. What we eat is more a matter of custom than necessity; our wealth has made us the greatest meat-eating nation, because meat is the most expensive food. A generation must pass away before we can teach persons that living comfortably is often more a matter of knowledge than money. Poverty need not prevent skill and forethought. My chief reasons for insisting on early practical instruction in cookery in girls' schools is—that before they grow up full of whims, and fancies, and prejudices, they should be early familiarised with the most economic methods of preparing such things as haricot beans, peas, lentils, onions, macaroni, maize, porridge, skim milk, bread made almost entirely from meal, cow heel, heads, and pieces of meat called inferior, which the butcher in many places has great difficulty in selling; these, and many other things, can be turned into savoury, nourishing food by a knowledge of cookery, and a sovereign given towards teaching girls will often do more permanent good than two given towards feeding them. If cookery schools were in operation in our large towns, they might render great service in mitigating the present distress. Every teacher of cookery must be familiar with dozens of recipes for cheap, nourishing soups and stews, and this is often the only way of using materials which would otherwise be wasted, and if these materials have any value as a food, the stomach must have the benefit, because everything is eaten up."

FOUCHÉ, DUC D'OTRANTO.—Armand Fouché, son of the notorious Joseph Fouché, one of the French regicides, and Minister of Police under Napoleon, died recently at Stockholm. Armand Fouché was in the Swedish army, and formerly aide-de-camp to Bernadotte, Charles XIV of Sweden. The title of Otranto is now borne by a younger brother in Paris.

SAUCE FOR THE GANDER.—Whilst Lord Stratford de Redcliffe was ambassador at Constantinople, one of the secretaries had an audience with the Sheikh-ul-Islam, who, at the moment of his visitor's entrance, was engaged in the performance of his *namaz*. The secretary sat down while the devotee finished his prayers, which were ended by an invocation to Allah to forgive a suppliant true believer the sin of holding direct intercourse with a *Giaour*. His conscience thus relieved, the old mufti rose from his knees and smilingly welcomed his guest. But this guest, who was a great original, in his turn begged permission to perform his devotions. He gravely went through an Arabic formula, and ended by begging Allah to forgive a good Christian the crime of visiting "a faithless dog of an infidel." The astonished mufti was nettled, but with true Oriental imperturbability he bore the insult.

JURY TRIALS.—Mr. Justice Miller, before the New York State Association, thus expressed himself on the value of jury trials:—"If a cultivated Oriental were told for the first time that a nation, which claims to be in advance of all others in its love of justice, and its methods of enforcing it, required as one of its fundamental principles of jurisprudence that every controversy between individuals, and every charge of crime against an offender, should be submitted to twelve men without learning in the law, often without any other learning, and that neither party to the contest could prevail until all the twelve men were of one opinion in his favour, he would certainly be amazed at the proposition. Nor have the European nations differed much with him in their estimate of trial by jury. It has been well understood, and has received the careful consideration of continental jurists for a great many years, without being adopted by any of them, in the form that we have it from England. Many attempts have been made to introduce it in some modified shape, but I think it safe to say that it has not, in its essential Anglo-Saxon feature, met the approval of any people except those of that race. In the days when kings exercised arbitrary power, the jury was, among the sturdy, liberty-loving Englishmen, a valuable barrier against oppression by the crown. But in this country, where the people are sovereign, the jury is but too often the mere reflection of popular impulse, and the safety of an innocent man is more frequently found to depend on the firmness of the judge than the impartiality of the jury. Still it is probably wise that no man shall be convicted of an infamous crime until twelve fair-minded men are convinced of his guilt. I am also forced to admit, however, that even in civil cases my experience as a judge has been much more favourable to jury trials than it was as a practitioner. And I am bound to say that an intelligent and unprejudiced jury, when such can be obtained, who are instructed in the law with such clearness, precision, and brevity as will present their duty in bold relief, are rarely mistaken in regard to facts which they are called upon to find."